Oh if you raiſe this houſe againſt his houſe,
It will the wofulleſt diuiſion prooue,
That euer fell vpon this curſed earth:
Preuent it, reſiſt it, and let it not be ſo,
Leaſt child, childs children crie againſt you woe.
North. Well haue you argued ſir, and for your paines,
Of Capitall treaſon, we arreſt you here:
My Lord of Weſtminſter, be it your charge,
To keepe him ſafely till his day of triall.
May it pleaſe you Lords, to graunt the common ſuite,
Fetch hither *Richard*, that in common view
He may ſurrender, ſo we ſhall proceed without ſuſpition.
Yorke. I will be his conduct.
Bul. Lords, you that are here, are vnder our arreſt,
Procure your Sureties for your daies of anſwere;
Little are we beholding to your loue.
And little looke for at your helping hands.

Enter King Richard

Rich. Alacke why am I ſent for to a King,
Before I haue ſhooke off the regall thoughts
Wherewith I raignd; I hardlie yet haue learnt
To inſinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my limbes?
Giue ſorrow leaue a while to tutor me to this ſubmiſſion:
Yet I well remember the fauours of theſe men,
Were they not mine? did they not ſometimes crie all haile
To me? ſo *Iudas* did to *Chriſt*; but he in twelue,
Found truth in all but one; I in twelue thouſand none:
God ſaue the King, will no man ſay Amen:
Am I both Prieſt and Clarke; well then, Amen.
God ſaue the King, although I be not hee,
And yet Amen, if heauen do thinke him mee:
To do what ſeruice am I ſent for hither:
Yorke. To do that office of thine owne good will,
Which tired Maieſtie did make thee offer;
The reſignation of thy State and Crowne
To *Harry Bullingbrooke*.
Rich. Seaze the Crowne.

Heere

Heere Coſin, on this ſide my hand, & on that ſide yours:
Now is this golden Crowne like a deepe Well,
That owes two Buckets filling one an other,
The emptier euer dauncing in the ayre,
The other downe vnſeene, and full of Water:
That Bucket downe, and full of teares, am I,
Drinking my griefe, whilſt you mount vp on high.
Bul. I thought you had been willing to reſigne?
Ric. My Crowne I am, but ſtill my griefes are mine:
You may my Glories and my State depoſe,
But not my Griefes, ſtill am I King of thoſe.
Bul. Part of your Cares you giue me with your Crown.
Rich. Your cares ſet vp, do not plucke my cares down:
My care is loſſe of care, by old care done,
Your care is gaine of care by new care won:
The cares I giue, I haue, though giuen away,
They tend the Crowne, yet ſtill with me they ſtay.
Bul. Are you contented to reſigne the Crowne?
Rich. I, no no I; for, I muſt nothing bee,
Therefore no no, for I reſigne to thee,
Now marke me how I will vndoe my ſelfe:
I giue this heauie waight from off my head,
And this vnweildie Scepter from my hand,
The pride of kingly ſway from out my heart:
With mine owne teares I waſh away my balme,
With mine owne hands I giue away my Crowne,
With mine owne tongue denie my ſacred ſtate,
With mine owne breath releaſe all duties rites,
All pompe and Maieſtie I doe forſweare,
My Mannors, Rents, Reuenewes I forgoe,
My Actes, Decrees, and Statutes I denie:
God pardon all Oathes that are broke to me,
God keepe all Vowes vnbroke that ſweare to thee:
Make me that nothing haue, with nothing grieud,
And thou with all pleaſd, that haſt all atchieud:
Long mayſt thou liue in *Richards* ſeat to ſit,
And ſoone lie *Richard* in an earthly pit:

God